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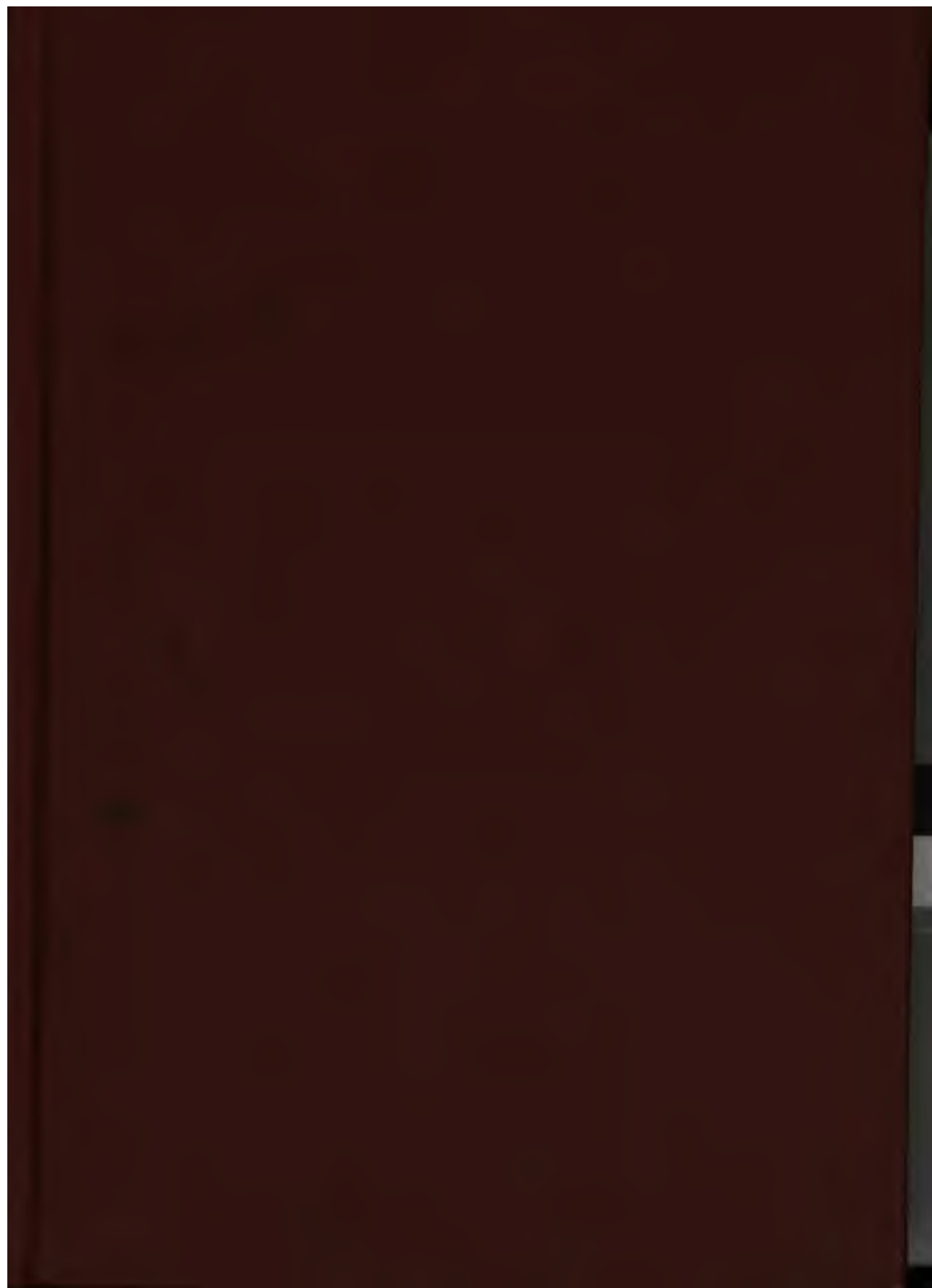
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**THE POEMS OF
OSCAR WILDE**

VOLUME I.

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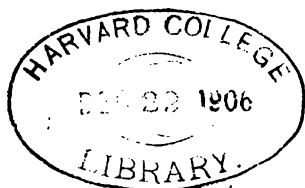
THE POEMS OF
OSCAR WILDE

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
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1906

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DEDICATION

TO MY WIFE
WITH A COPY OF MY POEMS

I CAN write no stately proem
As a prelude to my lay;
From a poet to a poem
I would dare to say.

For if of these fallen petals
One to you seem fair,
Love will waft it till it settles
On your hair.

And when wind and winter harden
All the loveless land,
It will whisper of the garden,
You will understand.

OSCAR WILDE.

RAVENNA
MDCCCLXXVIII

RAVENNA

I

A YEAR ago I breathed the Italian air,—
And yet, methinks this northern Spring is fair,—
These fields made golden with the flower of March,
The throstle singing on the feathered larch,
The cawing rooks, the wood-doves fluttering by,
The little clouds that race across the sky;
And fair the violet's gentle drooping head,
The primrose, pale for love uncomforted,
The rose that burgeons on the climbing briar,
The crocus-bed, (that seems a moon of fire
Round-girdled with a purple marriage-ring);
And all the flowers of our English Spring,
Fond snowdrops, and the bright-starred daffodil.
Up starts the lark beside the murmuring mill,
And breaks the gossamer-threads of early dew;
And down the river, like a flame of blue,
Keen as an arrow flies the water-king,
While the brown linnets in the greenwood sing.

A year ago !—it seems a little time
Since last I saw that lordly southern clime,
Where flower and fruit to purple radiance blow,
And like bright lamps the fabled apples glow.
Full Spring it was—and by rich flowering vines,
Dark olive-groves and noble forest-pines,
I rode at will ; the moist glad air was sweet,
The white road rang beneath my horse's feet,
And musing on Ravenna's ancient name,
I watched the day till, marked with wounds of flame,
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.

O how my heart with boyish passion burned,
When far away across the sedge and mere
I saw that Holy City rising clear,
Crowned with her crown of towers !—On and on
I galloped, racing with the setting sun,
And ere the crimson after-glow was passed,
I stood within Ravenna's walls at last !

II

How strangely still ! no sound of life or joy
Startles the air ; no laughing shepherd-boy
Pipes on his reed, nor ever through the day
Comes the glad sound of children at their play :

O sad, and sweet, and silent ! surely here
A man might dwell apart from troublous fear,
Watching the tide of seasons as they flow
From amorous Spring to Winter's rain and snow,
And have no thought of sorrow ;—here, indeed,
Are Lethe's waters, and that fatal weed
Which makes a man forget his fatherland.

Ay ! amid lotus-meadows dost thou stand,
Like Proserpine, with poppy-laden head,
Guarding the holy ashes of the dead.
For though thy brood of warrior sons hath ceased,
Thy noble dead are with thee !—they at least
Are faithful to thine honour :—guard them well,
O childless city ! for a mighty spell,
To wake men's hearts to dreams of things sublime,
Are the lone tombs where rest the Great of Time.

III

Yon lonely pillar, rising on the plain,
Marks where the bravest knight of France was slain,—
The Prince of chivalry, the Lord of war,
Gaston de Foix : for some untimely star
Led him against thy city, and he fell,
As falls some forest-lion fighting well.

'Taken from life while life and love were new,
He lies beneath God's seamless veil of blue ;
Tall lance-like reeds wave sadly o'er his head,
And oleanders bloom to deeper red,
Where his bright youth flowed crimson on the ground.

Look farther north unto that broken mound,—
There, prisoned now within a lordly tomb
Raised by a daughter's hand, in lonely gloom,
Huge-limbed Theodoric, the Gothic king,
Sleeps after all his weary conquering.
Time hath not spared his ruin,—wind and rain
Have broken down his stronghold ; and again
We see that Death is mighty lord of all,
And king and clown to ashen dust must fall.

Mighty indeed *their* glory ! yet to me
Barbaric king, or knight of chivalry,
Or the great queen herself, were poor and vain,
Beside the grave where Dante rests from pain.
His gilded shrine lies open to the air ;
And cunning sculptor's hands have carven there
The calm white brow, as calm as earliest morn,
The eyes that flashed with passionate love and scorn,
The lips that sang of Heaven and of Hell,
The almond-face which Giotto drew so well,

The weary face of Dante ;—to this day,
Here in his place of resting, far away
From Arno's yellow waters, rushing down
Through the wide bridges of that fairy town,
Where the tall tower of Giotto seems to rise
A marble lily under sapphire skies !
Alas ! my Dante ! thou hast known the pain
Of meaner lives,—the exile's galling chain,
How steep the stairs within kings' houses are,
And all the petty miseries which mar
Man's nobler nature with the sense of wrong.
Yet this dull world is grateful for thy song ;
Our nations do thee homage,—even she,
That cruel queen of vine-clad Tuscany,
Who bound with crown of thorns thy living brow,
Hath decked thine empty tomb with laurels now,
And begs in vain the ashes of her son.

O mightiest exile ! all thy grief is done :
Thy soul walks now beside thy Beatrice ;
Ravenna guards thine ashes : sleep in peace.

IV

How lone this palace is ; how gray the walls !
No minstrel now wakes echoes in these halls.

The broken chain lies rusting on the door,
And noisome weeds have split the marble floor :
Here lurks the snake, and here the lizards run
By the stone lions blinking in the sun.
Byron dwelt here in love and revelry
For two long years—a second Anthony,
Who of the world another Actium made ! —
Yet suffered not his royal soul to fade,
Or lyre to break, or lance to grow less keen,
'Neath any wiles of an Egyptian queen.
For from the East there came a mighty cry,
And Greece stood up to fight for Liberty,
And called him from Ravenna : never knight
Rode forth more nobly to wild scenes of fight !
None fell more bravely on ensanguined field,
Borne like a Spartan back upon his shield !
O Hellas ! Hellas ! in thine hour of pride,
Thy day of might, remember him who died
To wrest from off thy limbs the trammelling chain :
O Salamis ! O lone Platæan plain !
O tossing waves of wild Eubœan sea !
O wind-swept heights of lone Thermopylæ !
He loved you well—ay, not alone in word,
Who freely gave to thee his lyre and sword,
Like Æschylus at well-fought Marathon :

And England, too, shall glory in her son,
Her warrior-poet, first in song and fight.
No longer now shall Slander's venom'd spite
Crawl like a snake across his perfect name,
Or mar the lordly scutcheon of his fame.

For as the olive-garland of the race,
Which lights with joy each eager runner's face,
As the red cross which saveth men in war,
As a flame-bearded beacon seen from far
By mariners upon a storm-tossed sea,—
Such was his love for Greece and Liberty !

Byron, thy crowns are ever fresh and green :
Red leaves of rose from Sapphic Mitylene
Shall bind thy brows ; the myrtle blooms for thee,
In hidden glades by lonely Castaly ;
The laurels wait thy coming : all are thine,
And round thy head one perfect wreath will twine.

V

The pine-tops rocked before the evening breeze
With the hoarse murmur of the wintry seas,
And the tall stems were streaked with amber bright ;—
I wandered through the wood in wild delight,

Some startled bird, with fluttering wings and fleet,
Made snow of all the blossoms : at my feet,
Like silver crowns, the pale narcissi lay,
And small birds sang on every twining spray.
O waving trees, O forest liberty !
Within your haunts at least a man is free,
And half forgets the weary world of strife :
The blood flows hotter, and a sense of life
Wakes i' the quickening veins, while once again
The woods are filled with gods we fancied slain.
Long time I watched, and surely hoped to see
Some goat-foot Pan make merry minstrelsy
Amid the reeds ! some startled Dryad-maid
In girlish flight ! or lurking in the glade,
The soft brown limbs, the wanton treacherous face
Of woodland god ! Queen Dian in the chase,
White-limbed and terrible, with look of pride,
And leash of boar-hounds leaping at her side !
Or Hylas mirrored in the perfect stream.

O idle heart ! O fond Hellenic dream !
Ere long, with melancholy rise and swell,
The evening chimes, the convent's vesper-bell,
Struck on mine ears amid the amorous flowers.
Alas ! alas ! these sweet and honied hours

Had 'whelmed my heart like some encroaching sea,
And drowned all thoughts of black Gethsemane.

VI

O lone Ravenna ! many a tale is told
Of thy great glories in the days of old :
Two thousand years have passed since thou didst see
Caesar ride forth to royal victory.
Mighty thy name when Rome's lean eagles flew
From Britain's isles to far Euphrates blue ;
And of the peoples thou wast noble queen,
Till in thy streets the Goth and Hun were seen.
Discrowned by man, deserted by the sea,
Thou sleepest, rocked in lonely misery !
No longer now upon thy swelling tide,
Pine-forest like, thy myriad galleys ride !
For where the brass-beaked ships were wont to float,
The weary shepherd pipes his mournful note ;
And the white sheep are free to come and go
Where Adria's purple waters used to flow.

O fair ! O sad ! O Queen uncomforted !
In ruined loveliness thou liest dead,
Alone of all thy sisters ; for at last
Italia's royal warrior hath passed

Rome's lordliest entrance, and hath worn his crown
In the high temples of the Eternal Town !
The Palatine hath welcomed back her king,
And with his name the seven mountains ring !

And Naples hath outlived her dream of pain,
And mocks her tyrant ! Venice lives again,
New risen from the waters ! and the cry
Of Light and Truth, of Love and Liberty,
Is heard in lordly Genoa, and where
The marble spires of Milan wound the air,
Rings from the Alps to the Sicilian shore,
And Dante's dream is now a dream no more.

But thou, Ravenna, better loved than all,
Thy ruined palaces are but a pall
That hides thy fallen greatness ! and thy name
Burns like a gray and flickering candle-flame,
Beneath the noonday splendor of the sun
Of new Italia ! for the night is done,
The night of dark oppression, and the day
Hath dawned in passionate splendor : far away
The Austrian hounds are hunted from the land,
Beyond those ice-crowned citadels which stand
Girdling the plain of royal Lombardy,
From the far West unto the Eastern sea.

I know, indeed, that sons of thine have died
In Lissa's waters, by the mountainside
Of Aspromonte, on Novara's plain,—
Nor have thy children died for thee in vain :
And yet, methinks, thou hast not drunk this wine
From grapes new-crushed of Liberty divine,
Thou hast not followed that immortal Star
Which leads the people forth to deeds of war.
Weary of life, thou liest in silent sleep,
As one who marks the lengthening shadows creep,
Careless of all the hurrying hours that run,
Mourning some day of glory, for the sun
Of Freedom hath not shewn to thee his face,
And thou hast caught no flambeau in the race.

Yet wake not from thy slumbers,—rest thee well,
Amidst thy fields of amber asphodel,
Thy lily-sprinkled meadows,—rest thee there,
To mock all human greatness : who would dare
To vent the paltry sorrows of his life
Before thy ruins, or to praise the strife
Of kings' ambition, and the barren pride
Of warring nations ! wert not thou the Bride
Of the wild Lord of Adria's stormy sea !
The Queen of double Empires ! and to thee

Were not the nations given as thy prey !
And now—thy gates lie open night and day,
The grass grows green on every tower and hall,
'The ghastly fig hath cleft thy bastioned wall ;
And where thy mailed warriors stood at rest
'The midnight owl hath made her secret nest.
O fallen ! fallen ! from thy high estate,
O city trammelled in the toils of Fate,
Doth nought remain of all thy glorious days,
But a dull shield, a crown of withered bays !

Yet who beneath this night of wars and fears,
From tranquil tower can watch the coming years ;
Who can foretell what joys the day shall bring,
Or why before the dawn the linnets sing ?
Thou, even thou, mayst wake, as wakes the rose
To crimson splendor from its grave of snows ;
As the rich corn-fields rise to red and gold
From these brown lands, now stiff with Winter's cold ;
As from the storm-rack comes a perfect star !

O much-loved city ! I have wandered far
From the wave-circled islands of my home ;
Have seen the gloomy mystery of the Dome
Rise slowly from the drear Campagna's way,
Clothed in the royal purple of the day :

I from the city of the violet crown
Have watched the sun by Corinth's hill go down,
And marked the "myriad laughter" of the sea
From starlit hills of flower-starred Arkady;
Yet back to thee returns my perfect love,
As to its forest-nest the evening dove.

O poet's city ! one who scarce has seen
Some twenty summers cast their doublets green,
For Autumn's livery, would seek in vain
To wake his lyre to sing a louder strain,
Or tell thy days of glory ;—poor indeed
Is the low murmur of the shepherd's reed,
Where the loud clarion's blast should shake the sky,
And flame across the heavens ! and to try
Such lofty themes were folly : yet I know
That never felt my heart a nobler glow
Than when I woke the silence of thy street
With clamorous trampling of my horse's feet,
And saw the city which now I try to sing,
After long days of weary traveling.

VII

Adieu, Ravenna ! but a year ago,
I stood and watched the crimson sunset glow

From the lone chapel on thy marshy plain :
The sky was as a shield that caught the stain
Of blood and battle from the dying sun,
And in the west the circling clouds had spun
A royal robe, which some great God might wear,
While into ocean-seas of purple air
Sank the gold galley of the Lord of Light.

Yet here the gentle stillness of the night
Brings back the swelling tide of memory,
And wakes again my passionate love for thee :
Now is the Spring of Love, yet soon will come
On meadow and tree the Summer's lordly bloom ;
And soon the grass with brighter flowers will blow,
And send up lilies for some boy to mow.
Then before long the Summer's conqueror,
Rich Autumn-time, the season's usurer,
Will lend his hoarded gold to all the trees,
And see it scattered by the spendthrift breeze ;
And after that the Winter cold and drear.
So runs the perfect cycle of the year.
And so from youth to manhood do we go,
And fall to weary days and locks of snow.
Love only knows no winter ; never dies :
Nor cares for frowning storms or leaden skies.

And mine for thee shall never pass away,
Though my weak lips may falter in my lay.

Adieu ! Adieu ! yon silent evening star,
The night's ambassador, doth gleam afar,
And bid the shepherd bring his flocks to fold.
Perchance before our inland seas of gold
Are garnered by the reapers into sheaves,
Perchance before I see the Autumn leaves,
I may behold thy city ; and lay down
Low at thy feet the poet's laurel crown.

Adieu ! Adieu ! yon silver lamp, the moon,
Which turns our midnight into perfect noon,
Doth surely light thy towers, guarding well
Where Dante sleeps, where Byron loved to dwell.

RAVENNA, *March, 1877.*

OXFORD, *March, 1878.*

POEMS
MDCCCLXXXI

HELAS!

TO drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control ?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God :
Is that time dead ? lo ! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance —
And must I lose a soul's inheritance ?

ELEUTHERIA

SONNET TO LIBERTY

NOT that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know,—
✓ But that the roar of thy Democracies,
Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea
And give my rage a brother —— ! Liberty !
For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
Rob nations of their rights inviolate
And I remain unmoved—and yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some things.

AVE IMPERATRIX

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England ! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide ?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,

To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steepes of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountainside he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our winged dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go :

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion ;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat :

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight ;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes :

Down in some trenchless land, some
Clutching his flag, the dead are

And many a mother and son will be
The lingering winter children war
To climb upon their father's knee
And in each house make festal

Pale women will have not their part
Will kiss the reins of the dead—
Some tarnished spurs—some sword—
Poor toys to make the angels sad

For not in quiet English lands
Are there our mother's and father's
Where we might seek their bones and
With all the flowers the world has

For some are in the Latin lands
And many in the distant east
And many where the savage hills
Through seven months of burning sand

And some in Russian waters lie
And others in the seas where
The currents of the East are

O wandering graves ! O restless sleep !
O silence of the sunless day !
O still ravine ! O stormy deep !
Give up your prey ! Give up your prey !

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England ! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son ?

Go ! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain ;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land —
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old ?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like, on every main ?

Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet ?
Where is our English chivalry ?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send !
O wasted dust ! O senseless clay !
Is this the end ! is this the end !

Peace, peace ! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so ;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

TO MILTON

MILTON! I think thy spirit hath passed away
· From these white cliffs, and high-embattled
towers ;

This gorgeous fiery-colored world of ours
Seems fallen into ashes dull and gray,
And the age changed unto a mimic play
Wherein we waste our else too-crowded hours :
For all our pomp and pageantry and powers
We are but fit to delve the common clay,
Seeing this little isle on which we stand,
This England, this sea-lion of the sea,
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
Who love her not : Dear God ! is this the land
Which bare a triple empire in her hand
When Cromwell spake the word Democracy !

LOUIS NAPOLEON

EAGLE of Austerlitz ! where were thy wings
When far away upon a barbarous strand,
In fight unequal, by an obscure hand,
Fell the last scion of thy brood of Kings !

Poor boy ! thou shalt not flaunt thy cloak of red,
Nor ride in state through Paris in the van
Of thy returning legions, but instead
Thy mother France, free and republican,

Shall on thy dead and crownless forehead place
The better laurels of a soldier's crown,
That not dishonored should thy soul go down
To tell the mighty Sire of thy race

That France hath kissed the mouth of Liberty,
And found it sweeter than his honied bees,
And that the giant wave Democracy
Breaks on the shores where Kings lay couched at ease.

SONNET

ON THE MASSACRE OF THE CHRISTIANS IN BULGARIA

CHRIST, dost thou live indeed ? or are thy bones
Still straightened in their rock-hewn sepulchre ?
And was thy Rising only dreamed by Her
Whose love of thee for all her sin atones ?
For here the air is horrid with men's groans,
The priests who call upon thy name are slain,
Dost thou not hear the bitter wail of pain
From those whose children lie upon the stones ?
Come down, O Son of God ! incestuous gloom
Curtains the land, and through the starless night
Over thy Cross a Crescent moon I see !
If thou in very truth didst burst the tomb
Come down, O Son of Man ! and show thy might,
Lest Mahomet be crowned instead of thee !

QUANTUM MUTATA

THERE was a time in Europe long ago
When no man died for freedom anywhere,
But England's lion leaping from its lair
Laid hands on the oppressor ! it was so
While England could a great Republic show.
Witness the men of Piedmont, chiefest care
Of Cromwell, when with impotent despair
The Pontiff in his painted portico
Trembled before our stern ambassadors.
How comes it then that from such high estate
We have thus fallen, save that Luxury
With barren merchandise piles up the gate
Where noble thoughts and deeds should enter by :
Else might we still be Milton's heritors.

LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES

ALBEIT nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honor, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
Or Murder with his silent bloody feet.

THEORETIKOS

THIS mighty empire hath but feet of clay :
Of all its ancient chivalry and might
Our little island is forsaken quite :
Some enemy hath stolen its crown of bay,
And from its hills that voice hath passed away
Which spake of Freedom : O come out of it,
Come out of it, my Soul, thou art not fit
For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
Against an heritage of centuries.
It mars my calm : wherefore in dreams of Art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God, nor for his enemies.

THE GARDEN OF EROS

THE GARDEN OF EROS

IT is full summer now, the heart of June,
Not yet the sunburnt reapers are a-stir
Upon the upland meadow where too soon
Rich autumn time, the season's usurer,
Will lend his hoarded gold to all the trees,
And see his treasure scattered by the wild and spend-
thrift breeze.

Too soon indeed ! yet here the daffodil,
That love-child of the Spring, has lingered on
To vex the rose with jealousy, and still
The harebell spreads her azure pavilion,
And like a strayed and wandering reveler
Abandoned of its brothers, whom long since June's
messenger

The missel-thrush has frightened from the glade,
One pale narcissus loiters fearfully
Close to a shadowy nook, where half afraid
Of their own loveliness some violets lie

That will not look the gold sun in the face
For fear of too much splendor,—ah ! methinks it is a
place

Which should be trodden by Persephone
When wearied of the flowerless fields of Dis !
Or danced on by the lads of Arcady !
The hidden secret of eternal bliss
Known to the Grecian here a man might find,
Ah ! you and I may find it now if Love and Sleep be
kind.

There are the flowers which mourning Herakles
Strewed on the tomb of Hylas, columbine,
Its white doves all a-flutter where the breeze
Kissed them too harshly, the small celandine,
That yellow-kirtled chorister of eve,
And lilac lady's-smock,—but let them bloom alone,
and leave

Yon spired hollyhock red-crocketed
To sway its silent chimes, else must the bee,
Its little bellringer, go seek instead
Some other pleasance ; the anemone
That weeps at daybreak, like a silly girl
Before her love, and hardly lets the butterflies unfurl

Their painted wings beside it,—bid it pine
In pale virginity ; the winter snow
Will suit it better than those lips of thine
Whose fires would but scorch it, rather go
And pluck that amorous flower which blooms alone,
Fed by the pander wind with dust of kisses not its own.

The trumpet-mouths of red convolvulus
So dear to maidens, creamy meadow-sweet
Whiter than Juno's throat and odorous
As all Arabia, hyacinths the feet
Of Huntress Dian would be loth to mar
For any dappled fawn,—pluck these, and those fond
flowers which are

Fairer than what Queen Venus trod upon
Beneath the pines of Ida, eucharis,
That morning star which does not dread the sun,
And budding marjoram which but to kiss
Would sweeten Cytheræa's lips and make
Adonis jealous,—these for thy head,—and for thy
girdle take

Yon curving spray of purple clematis
Whose gorgeous dye outflames the Tyrian King,

And fox-gloves with their nodding chalices,
But that one narciss which the startled Spring
Let from her kirtle fall when first she heard
In her own woods the wild tempestuous song of summer's bird,

Ah! leave it for a subtle memory
Of those sweet tremulous days of rain and sun,
When April laughed between her tears to see
The early primrose with shy footsteps run
From the gnarled oak-tree roots till all the wold,
Spite of its brown and trampled leaves, grew bright
with shimmering gold.

Nay, pluck it too, it is not half so sweet
As thou thyself, my soul's idolatry!
And when thou art a-wearied at thy feet
Shall oxlips weave their brightest tapestry,
For thee the woodbine shall forget its pride
And vail its tangled whorls, and thou shalt walk on
daisies pied.

And I will cut a reed by yonder spring
And make the wood-gods jealous, and old Pan
Wonder what young intruder dares to sing
In these still haunts, where never foot of man

Should tread at evening, lest he chance to spy
The marble limbs of Artemis and all her company.

And I will tell thee why the jacinth wears
Such dread embroidery of dolorous moan,
And why the hapless nightingale forbears
To sing her song at noon, but weeps alone
When the fleet swallow sleeps, and rich men feast,
And why the laurel trembles when she sees the
lightening east.

And I will sing how sad Proserpina
Unto a grave and gloomy Lord was wed,
And lure the silver-breasted Helena
Back from the lotus meadows of the dead,
So shalt thou see that awful loveliness
For which two mighty Hosts met fearfully in war's
abyss !

And then I'll pipe to thee that Grecian tale
How Cynthia loves the lad Endymion,
And hidden in a gray and misty veil
Hies to the cliffs of Latmos once the Sun
Leaps from his ocean bed in fruitless chase
Of those pale flying feet which fade away in his em-
brace.

And if my flute can breathe sweet melody,
We may behold Her face who long ago
Dwelt among men by the Ægean sea,
And whose sad house with pillaged portico
And friezeless wall and columns toppled down
Looms o'er the ruins of that fair and violet-cincture
town.

Spirit of Beauty ! tarry still a-while,
They are not dead, thine ancient votaries,
Some few there are to whom thy radiant smile
Is better than a thousand victories,
Though all the nobly slain of Waterloo
Rise up in wrath against them ! tarry still, there are a
few

Who for thy sake would give their manlihood
And consecrate their being, I at least
Have done so, made thy lips my daily food,
And in thy temples found a goodlier feast
Than this starved age can give me, spite of all
Its new-found creeds so sceptical and so dogmatical.

Here not Cephissos, not Ilissos flows,
The woods of white Colonos are not here,
On our bleak hills the olive never blows,
No simple priest conducts his lowing steer

Up the steep marble way, nor through the town
Do laughing maidens bear to thee the crocus-flowered
gown.

Yet tarry ! for the boy who loved thee best,
Whose very name should be a memory
To make thee linger, sleeps in silent rest
Beneath the Roman walls, and melody
Still mourns her sweetest lyre, none can play
The lute of Adonais, with his lips Song passed away.

Nay, when Keats died the Muses still had left
One silver voice to sing his threnody,
But ah ! too soon of it we were bereft
When on that riven night and stormy sea
Panthea claimed her singer as her own,
And slew the mouth that praised her ; since which
time we walk alone,

Save for that fiery heart, that morning star
Of re-arisen England, whose clear eye
Saw from our tottering throne and waste of war
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy
Rise mightily like Hesperus and bring
The great Republic ! him at least thy love hath
taught to sing,

And he hath been with thee at Thessaly,
And seen white Atalanta fleet of foot
In passionless and fierce virginity
Hunting the tuskèd boar, his honied lute
Hath pierced the cavern of the hollow hill,
And Venus laughs to know one knee will bow before
her still.

And he hath kissed the lips of Proserpine,
And sung the Galilæan's requiem,
That wounded forehead dashed with blood and wine
He hath discrowned, the Ancient Gods in him
Have found their last, most ardent worshiper,
And the new Sign grows gray and dim before its
conqueror.

Spirit of Beauty ! tarry with us still,
It is not quenched the torch of poesy,
The star that shook above the Eastern hill
Holds unassailed its argent armory
From all the gathering gloom and fretful fight —
O tarry with us still ! for through the long and
common night,

Morris, our sweet and simple Chaucer's child,
Dear heritor of Spenser's tuneful reed,

With soft and sylvan pipe has oft beguiled
The weary soul of man in troublous need,
And from the far and flowerless fields of ice
Has brought fair flowers meet to make an earthly
paradise.

We know them all, Gudrun the strong men's bride,
Aslaug and Olafson we know them all,
How giant Grettir fought and Sigurd died,
And what enchantment held the king in thrall
When lonely Brynhild wrestled with the powers
That war against all passion, ah ! how oft through summer hours,

Long listless summer hours when the noon
Being enamored of a damask rose
Forgets to journey westward, till the moon
The pale usurper of its tribute grows
From a thin sickle to a silver shield
And chides its loitering car—how oft, in some cool
grassy field

Far from the cricket-ground and noisy eight,
At Bagley, where the rustling bluebells come
Almost before the blackbird finds a mate
And overstay the swallow, and the hum

Of many murmuring bees flits through the leaves,
Have I lain poring on the dreamy tales his fancy
weaves,

And through their unreal woes and mimic pain
Wept for myself, and so was purified,
And in their simple mirth grew glad again ;
For as I sailed upon that pictured tide
The strength and splendor of the storm was mine
Without the storm's red ruin, for the singer is divine,

The little laugh of water falling down
Is not so musical, the clammy gold
Close hoarded in the tiny waxened town
Has less of sweetness in it, and the old
Half-withered reeds that waved in Arcady
Touched by his lips break forth again to fresher
harmony.

Spirit of Beauty tarry yet awhile !
Although the cheating merchants of the mart
With iron roads profane our lovely isle,
And break on whirling wheels the limbs of Art,
Ay ! though the crowded factories beget
The blind-worm Ignorance that slays the soul, O
tarry yet !

For One at least there is,—He bears his name
From Dante and the seraph Gabriel,—
Whose double laurels burn with deathless flame
To light thine altar ; He too loves thee well,
Who saw old Merlin lured in Vivien's snare,
And the white feet of angels coming down the
golden stair.

Loves thee so well, that all the World for him
A gorgeous-colored vestiture must wear,
And Sorrow take a purple diadem,
Or else be no more Sorrow, and Despair
Gild its own thorns, and Pain, like Adon, be
Even in anguish beautiful ;—such is the empery

Which Painters hold, and such the heritage
This gentle solemn Spirit doth possess,
Being a better mirror of his age
In all his pity, love, and weariness,
Than those who can but copy common things,
And leave the Soul unpainted with its mighty ques-
tionings.

But they are few, and all romance has flown,
And men can prophesy about the sun,
And lecture on his arrows—how, alone,
Through a waste void the soulless atoms run,

How from each tree its weeping nymph has fled,
And that no more 'mid English reeds a Naiad
shows her head.

Methinks these new Actæons boast too soon
That they have spied on beauty ! what if we
Have analyzed the rainbow, robbed the moon
Of her most ancient, chastest mystery,
Shall I, the last Endymion, lose all hope
Because rude eyes peer at my mistress through a
telescope !

What profit if this scientific age
Burst through our gates with all its retinue
Of modern miracles ! Can it assuage
One lover's breaking heart ? what can it do
To make one life more beautiful, one day
More godlike in its period ? but now the Age of Clay

Returns in horrid cycle, and the earth
Hath borne again a noisy progeny
Of ignorant Titans, whose ungodly birth
Hurls them against the august hierarchy
Which sat upon Olympus, to the Dust
They have appealed, and to that barren arbiter they
must

Repair for judgment, let them, if they can,
From Natural Warfare and insensate Chance,
Create the new Ideal rule for man !
Methinks that was not my inheritance ;
For I was nurtured otherwise, my soul
Passes from higher heights of life to a more supreme
goal.

Lo ! while we spake the earth did turn away
Her visage from the God, and Hecate's boat
Rose silver-laden, till the jealous day
Blew all its torches out : I did not note
The waning hours, to young Endymions
Time's palsied fingers count in vain his rosary of suns !

Mark how the yellow iris wearily
Leans back its throat, as though it would be kissed
By its false chamberer, the dragon-fly,
Who, like a blue vein on a girl's white wrist,
Sleeps on that snowy primrose of the night,
Which 'gins to flush with crimson shame, and die be-
neath the light.

Come let us go, against the pallid shield
Of the wan sky the almond blossoms gleam,

The corn-crake nested in the unmown field
Answers its mate, across the misty stream
On fitful wing the startled curlews fly,
And in his sedgy bed the lark, for joy that Day is
nigh,

Scatters the pearlèd dew from off the grass,
In tremulous ecstasy to greet the sun,
Who soon in gilded panoply will pass
Forth from yon orange-curtained pavilion
Hung in the burning east, see, the red rim
O'ertops the expectant hills ! it is the God ! for love
of him

Already the shrill lark is out of sight,
Flooding with waves of song this silent dell,—
Ah ! there is something more in that bird's flight
Than could be tested in a crucible !—
But the air freshens, let us go, why soon
The woodmen will be here ; how we have lived this
night of June !

ROSA MYSTICA

REQUIESCAT

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

AVIGNON.

SONNET ON APPROACHING ITALY

I REACHED the Alps : the soul within me burned
Italia, my Italia, at thy name :

And when from out the mountain's heart I came
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned :

And musing on the marvel of thy fame

I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.

The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,

And in the orchards every twining spray

Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam :

But when I knew that far away at Rome

In evil bonds a second Peter lay,

I wept to see the land so very fair.

TURIN.

SAN MINIATO

SEE, I have climbed the mountainside
Up to this holy house of God,
Where once that Angel-Painter trod
Who saw the heavens opened wide,

And throned upon the crescent moon
The Virginal white Queen of Grace,—
Mary ! could I but see thy face
Death could not come at all too soon.

O crowned by God with thorns and pain !
Mother of Christ ! O mystic wife !
My heart is weary of this life
And over-sad to sing again.

O crowned by God with love and flame !
O crowned by Christ the Holy One !
O listen ere the searching sun
Show to the world my sin and shame.

AVE MARIA PLENA GRATIA

WAS this his coming ! I had hoped to see
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danae :
Or a dread vision as when Semele
Sickening for love and unappeased desire
Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
Caught her brown limbs and slew her utterly :
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
Before this supreme mystery of Love :
Some kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both the white wings of a Dove.

FLORENCE.

ITALIA

ITALIA ! thou art fallen, though with sheen
Of battle-spears thy clamorous armies stride
From the north Alps to the Sicilian tide !
Ay ! fallen, though the nations hail thee Queen
Because rich gold in every town is seen,
And on thy sapphire lake in tossing pride
Of wind-filled vans thy myriad galleys ride
Beneath one flag of red and white and green.
O Fair and Strong ! O Strong and Fair in vain !
Look southward where Rome's desecrated town
Lies mourning for her God-anointed King !
Look heavenward ! shall God allow this thing ?
Nay ! but some flame-girt Raphael shall come down,
And smite the Spoiler with the sword of pain.

VENICE.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN HOLY WEEK AT GENOA

I WANDERED through Scoglietto's far retreat,
The oranges on each o'erhanging spray
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day;
Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet
Made snow of all the blossoms, at my feet
Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay:
And the curved waves that streaked the great green
bay
Laughed i' the sun, and life seemed very sweet.
Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear.
"Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain,
O come and fill his sepulchre with flowers."
Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours
Had drowned all memory of thy bitter pain,
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear.

ROME UNVISITED

I

THE corn has turned from grey to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From the drear cities of the north,
And to Italia's mountains fled.

And here I set my face towards home,
For all my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to Holy Rome.

O Blessed Lady, who dost hold
Upon the seven hills thy reign !
O Mother without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold !

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of song !
For, ah ! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

II

AND yet what joy it were for me
To turn my feet unto the south,
And journeying towards the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole !

And wandering through the tangled pines
That break the gold of Arno's stream,
To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Apennines.

By many a vineyard-hidden home,
Orchard, and olive-garden gray,
Till from the drear Campagna's way
The seven hills bear up the dome !

III

A PILGRIM from the northern seas —
What joy for me to seek alone
The wondrous Temple, and the throne
Of him who holds the awful keys !

When, bright with purple and with gold,
Come priest and holy Cardinal,
And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the Fold.

O joy to see before I die
The only God-anointed King,
And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as he passes by !

Or at the brazen-pillared shrine
Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
And shows his God to human eyes
Beneath the veil of bread and wine.

IV

FOR lo, what changes time can bring !
The cycles of revolving years
May free my heart from all its fears,
And teach my lips a song to sing.

Before yon field of trembling gold
Is garnered into dusty sheaves,
Or ere the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,

I may have run the glorious race,
And caught the torch while yet aflame,
And called upon the holy name
Of him who now doth hide his face.

ARONA.

URBS SACRA ÆTERNA

ROME ! what a scroll of History thine has been ;
In the first days thy sword republican
Ruled the whole world for many an age's span :
Then of the peoples wert thou royal Queen,
Till in thy streets the bearded Goth was seen ;
And now upon thy walls the breezes fan
(Ah, city crowned by God, discrowned by man !)
The hated flag of red and white and green.
When was thy glory ! when in search for power
Thine eagles flew to greet the double sun,
And the wild nations shuddered at thy rod ?
Nay, but thy glory tarried for this hour,
When pilgrims kneel before the Holy One,
The prisoned shepherd of the Church of God.

MONTE MARIO.

SONNET

ON HEARING THE DIES IRÆ SUNG IN THE SISTINE
CHAPEL

NAY, Lord, not thus ! white lilies in the spring,
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted dove,
Teach me more clearly of thy life and love
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.
The hillside vines dear memories of thee bring :
A bird at evening flying to its nest
Tells me of One who had no place of rest :
I think it is of thee the sparrows sing.
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song,
Come when the splendid fulness of the moon
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,
And reap thy harvest : we have waited long.

EASTER DAY

THE silver trumpets rang across the Dome :
The people knelt upon the ground with awe :
And borne upon the necks of men I saw,
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.
Priest-like, he wore a robe more white than foam,
And, king-like, swathed himself in royal red,
Three crowns of gold rose high upon his head :
In splendor and in light the Pope passed home.
My heart stole back across wide wastes of years
To One who wandered by a lonely sea,
And sought in vain for any place of rest :
“Foxes have holes, and every bird its nest,
I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with tears.”

E TENEBRIS

COME down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy
hand,

For I am drowning in a stormier sea

Than Simon on thy lake of Galilee :

The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,

My heart is as some famine-murdered land,

Whence all good things have perished utterly,

And well I know my soul in Hell must lie

If I this night before God's throne should stand.

“ He sleeps perchance, or rideth to the chase,

Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name

From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height.”

Nay, peace, I shall behold before the night,

The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,

The wounded hands, the weary human face.

VITA NUOVA

I STOOD by the unvintageable sea
Till the wet waves drenched face and hair with
spray,
The long red fires of the dying day
Burned in the west ; the wind piped drearily ;
And to the land the clamorous gulls did flee :
“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ my life is full of pain,
And who can garner fruit or golden grain,
From these waste fields which travail ceaselessly ! ”
My nets gaped wide with many a break and flaw
Nathless I threw them as my final cast
Into the sea, and waited for the end.
When lo ! a sudden glory ! and I saw
From the black waters of my tortured past
The argent splendor of white limbs ascend !

MADONNA MIA

A LILY-GIRL, not made for this world's pain,
With brown, soft hair close braided by her
ears,

And longing eyes half veiled by slumberous tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain :
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its stain,

Red underlip drawn in for fear of love,
And white throat, whiter than the silvered dove,
Through whose wan marble creeps one purple vein.
Yet, though my lips shall praise her without cease,
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold,
Being o'ershadowed by the wings of awe.

Like Dante, when he stood with Beatrice
Beneath the flaming Lion's breast, and saw
The seventh Crystal, and the Stair of Gold.

THE NEW HELEN

WHERE hast thou been since round the walls of
Troy

The sons of God fought in that great emprise ?

Why dost thou walk our common earth again ?

Hast thou forgotten that impassioned boy,

His purple galley, and his Tyrian men,

And treacherous Aphrodite's mocking eyes ?

For surely it was thou, who, like a star

Hung in the silver silence of the night,

Didst lure the Old World's chivalry and might

Into the clamorous crimson waves of war !

Or didst thou rule the fire-laden moon ?

In amorous Sidon was thy temple built

Over the light and laughter of the sea ?

Where, behind lattice scarlet-wrought and gilt,

Some brown-limbed girl did weave thee tapestry,

All through the waste and wearied hours of noon ;

Till her wan cheek with flame of passion burned,

And she rose up the sea-washed lips to kiss

Of some glad Cyprian sailor, safe returned

From Calpé and the cliffs of Herakles !

No ! thou art Helen, and none other one !
It was for thee that young Sarpedôn died,
And Memnôn's manhood was untimely spent ;
It was for thee gold-crested Hector tried
With Thetis' child that evil race to run,
In the last year of thy beleaguerment ;
Ay ! even now the glory of thy fame
Burns in those fields of trampled asphodel,
Where the high lords whom Ilion knew so well
Clash ghostly shields, and call upon thy name.

Where hast thou been ? in that enchanted land
Whose slumbering vales forlorn Calypso knew,
Where never mower rose at break of day
But all unswathed the trammeling grasses grew,
And the sad shepherd saw the tall corn stand
Till summer's red had changed to withered gray ?
Didst thou lie there by some Lethæan stream
Deep brooding on thine ancient memory,
The crash of broken spears, the fiery gleam
From shivered helm, the Grecian battle-cry ?

Nay, thou wert hidden in that hollow hill
With one who is forgotten utterly,
That discrowned Queen men called the Erycine ;

Hidden away that never mightst thou see
The face of Her, before whose mouldering shrine
To-day at Rome the silent nations kneel ;
Who gat from Love no joyous gladdening,
But only Love's intolerable pain,
Only a sword to pierce her heart in twain,
Only the bitterness of child-bearing.

The lotos-leaves which heal the wounds of Death
Lie in thy hand ; O, be thou kind to me,
While yet I know the summer of my days ;
For hardly can my tremulous lips draw breath
To fill the silver trumpet with thy praise,
So bowed am I before thy mystery ;
So bowed and broken on Love's terrible wheel,
That I have lost all hope and heart to sing,
Yet care I not what ruin time may bring
If in thy temple thou wilt let me kneel.

Alas, alas, thou wilt not tarry here,
But, like that bird, the servant of the sun,
Who flies before the northwind and the night,
So wilt thou fly our evil land and drear,
Back to the tower of thine old delight,
And the red lips of young Euphorion ;

Nor shall I ever see thy face again,
But in this poisonous garden-close must stay,
Crowning my brows with the thorn-crown of pain,
Till all my loveless life shall pass away.

O Helen ! Helen ! Helen ! yet awhile,
Yet for a little while, O tarry here,
Till the dawn cometh and the shadows flee !
For in the gladsome sunlight of thy smile
Of heaven or hell I have no thought or fear,
Seeing I know no other god but thee :
No other god save him, before whose feet
In nets of gold the tired planets move,
The incarnate spirit of spiritual love
Who in thy body holds his joyous seat.

Thou wert not born as common women are !
But, girt with silver splendor of the foam, ✓
Didst from the depths of sapphire seas arise !
And at thy coming some immortal star,
Bearded with flame, blazed in the Eastern skies,
And waked the shepherds on thine island-home.
Thou shalt not die : no asps of Egypt creep
Close at thy heels to taint the delicate air ;
No sullen-blooming poppies stain thy hair,
Those scarlet heralds of eternal sleep.

Lily of love, pure and inviolate !

Tower of ivory ! red rose of fire !

Thou hast come down our darkness to illumine :

For we, close-caught in the wide nets of Fate,

Wearied with waiting for the World's Desire,

Aimlessly wandered in the house of gloom,

Aimlessly sought some slumberous anodyne

For wasted lives, for lingering wretchedness,

Till we beheld thy re-arisen shrine,

And the white glory of thy loveliness.



THE BURDEN OF ITYS

THE BURDEN OF ITYS

THIS English Thames is holier far than Rome,
Those harebells like a sudden flush of sea
Breaking across the woodland, with the foam
Of meadow-sweet and white anemone
To fleck their blue waves,—God is likelier there,
Than hidden in that crystal-hearted star the pale
monks bear !

Those violet-gleaming butterflies that take
Yon creamy lily for their pavilion
Are monsignores, and where the rushes shake
A lazy pike lies basking in the sun
His eyes half shut,—He is some mitred old
Bishop *in partibus* ! look at those gaudy scales all
green and gold.

The wind the restless prisoner of the trees
Does well for Palæstrina, one would say
The mighty master's hands were on the keys
Of the Maria organ, which they play

When early on some sapphire Easter morn
In a high litter red as blood or sin the Pope is borne

From his dark House out to the Balcony

Above the bronze gates and the crowded square,
Whose very fountains seem for ecstasy

To toss their silver lances in the air,
And stretching out weak hands to East and West
In vain sends peace to peaceless lands, to restless
nations rest.

Is not yon lingering orange afterglow

That stays to vex the moon more fair than all
Rome's lordliest pageants ! strange, a year ago

I knelt before some crimson Cardinal
Who bare the Host across the Esquiline,
And now—those common poppies in the wheat seem
twice as fine.

The blue-green beanfields yonder, tremulous

With the last shower, sweeter perfume bring
Through this cool evening than the odorous

Flame-jeweled censers the young deacons swing,
When the gray priest unlocks the curtained shrine,
And makes God's body from the common fruit of corn
and vine.

Poor Fra Giovanni bawling at the mass
Were out of tune now, for a small brown bird
Sings overhead, and through the long cool grass
I see that throbbing throat which once I heard
On starlit hills of flower-starred Arcady,
Once where the white and crescent sand of Salamis
meets sea.

Sweet is the swallow twittering on the eaves
At daybreak, when the mower whets his scythe,
And stock-doves murmur, and the milkmaid leaves
Her little lonely bed, and carols blithe
To see the heavy-lowing cattle wait
Stretching their huge and dripping mouths across the
farmyard gate.

And sweet the hops upon the Kentish leas,
And sweet the wind that lifts the new-mown hay,
And sweet the fretful swarms of grumbling bees
That round and round the linden blossoms play;
And sweet the heifer breathing in the stall,
And the green bursting figs that hang upon the red-
brick wall.

And sweet to hear the cuckoo mock the spring
While the last violet loiters by the well,

And sweet to hear the shepherd Daphnis sing
The song of Linus through a sunny dell
Of warm Arcadia where the corn is gold
And the slight lithe-limbed reapers dance about the
wattled fold.

And sweet with young Lycoris to recline
In some Illyrian valley far away,
Where canopied on herbs amaracine
We too might waste the summer-tranced day
Matching our reeds in sportive rivalry,
While far beneath us frets the troubled purple of the
sea.

But sweeter far if silver-sandaled foot
Of some long-hidden God should ever tread
The Nuneham meadows, if with reeded flute
Pressed to his lips some Faun might raise his head
By the green water-flags, ah! sweet indeed
To see the heavenly herdsman call his white-fleeced
flock to feed.

Then sing to me thou tuneful chorister,
Though what thou sing'st be thine own requiem!
Tell me thy tale thou hapless chronicler
Of thine own tragedies! do not condemn

These unfamiliar haunts, this English field,
For many a lovely coronal our northern isle can yield

Which Grecian meadows know not, many a rose
Which all day long in vales Æolian
A lad might seek in vain for overgrows
Our hedges like a wanton courtezan
Unthrifty of its beauty, lilies too
Ilissus never mirrored star our streams, and cockles
blue

Dot the green wheat which, though they are the signs
For swallows going south, would never spread
Their azure tents between the Attic vines ;
Even that little weed of ragged red,
Which bids the robin pipe, in Arcady
Would be a trespasser, and many an unsung elegy

Sleeps in the reeds that fringe our winding Thames
Which to awake were sweeter ravishment
Than ever Syrinx wept for, diadems
Of brown bee-studded orchids which were meant
For Cytheræa's brows are hidden here
Unknown to Cytheræa, and by yonder pasturing steer

There is a tiny yellow daffodil,
The butterfly can see it from afar,

Although one summer evening's dew could fill
Its little cup twice over ere the star
Had called the lazy shepherd to his fold
And be no prodigal, each leaf is flecked with spotted
gold

As if Jove's gorgeous leman Danaé
Hot from his gilded arms had stooped to kiss
The trembling petals, or young Mercury
Low-flying to the dusky ford of Dis
Had with one feather of his pinions
Just brushed them ! the slight stem which bears the
burden of its suns

Is hardly thicker than the gossamer,
Or poor Arachne's silver tapestry,—
Men say it bloomed upon the sepulchre
Of One I sometime worshiped, but to me
It seems to bring diviner memories
Of faun-loved Heliconian glades and blue nymph-
haunted seas,

Of an untrodden vale at Tempe where
On the clear river's marge Narcissus lies,
The tangle of the forest in his hair,
The silence of the woodland in his eyes,

Wooing that drifting imagery which is
No sooner kissed than broken, memories of Salmacis

Who is not boy or girl and yet is both,
Fed by two fires and unsatisfied
Through their excess, each passion being loth
For love's own sake to leave the other's side
Yet killing love by staying, memories
Of Oreads peeping through the leaves of silent moonlit
trees,

Of lonely Ariadne on the wharf
At Naxos, when she saw the treacherous crew
Far out at sea, and waved her crimson scarf
And called false Theseus back again nor knew
That Dionysos on an amber pard
Was close behind her, memories of what Maeonia's
bard

With sightless eyes beheld, the wall of Troy,
Queen Helen lying in the ivory room,
And at her side an amorous red-lipped boy
Trimming with dainty hand his helmet's plume,
And far away the moil, the shout, the groan,
As Hector shielded off the spear and Ajax hurled the
stone ;

Of wingèd Perseus with his flawless sword
Cleaving the snaky tresses of the witch,
And all those tales imperishably stored
In little Grecian urns, freightage more rich
Than any gaudy galleon of Spain
Bare from the Indies ever ! these at least bring back
again,

For well I know they are not dead at all,
The ancient Gods of Grecian poesy,
They are asleep, and when they hear thee call
Will wake and think 'tis very Thessaly,
This Thames the Daulian waters, this cool glade
The yellow-irised mead where once young Itys laughed
and played.

If it was thou dear jasmine-cradled bird
Who from the leafy stillness of thy throne
Sang to the wondrous boy, until he heard
The horn of Atalanta faintly blown
Across the Cumner hills, and wandering
Through Bagley wood at evening found the Attic
poets' spring,—

Ah ! tiny sober-suited advocate
That pleadest for the moon against the day !

If thou didst make the shepherd seek his mate
On that sweet questing, when Proserpina
Forgot it was not Sicily and leant
Across the mossy Sandford stile in ravished wonder-
ment,—

Light-winged and bright-eyed miracle of the wood !
If ever thou didst soothe with melody
One of that little clan, that brotherhood
Which loved the morning-star of Tuscany
More than the perfect son of Raphael
And is immortal, sing to me ! for I too love thee
well,

Sing on ! sing on ! let the dull world grow young,
Let elemental things take form again,
And the old shapes of Beauty walk among
The simple garths and open crofts, as when
The son of Leto bare the willow rod,
And the soft sheep and shaggy goats followed the
boyish God.

Sing on ! sing on ! and Bacchus will be here
Astride upon his gorgeous Indian throne,
And over whimpering tigers shake the spear
With yellow ivy crowned and gummy cone,

While at his side the wanton Bassarid
Will throw the lion by the mane and catch the
mountain kid !

Sing on ! and I will wear the leopard skin,
And steal the moonèd wings of Ashtaroth,
Upon whose icy chariot we could win
Cithæron in an hour e'er the froth
Has overbrimmed the wine-vat or the Faun
Ceased from the treading ! ay, before the flickering
lamp of dawn

Has scared the hooting owlet to its nest,
And warned the bat to close its filmy vans,
Some Mænad girl with vine-leaves on her breast
Will filch their beechnuts from the sleeping Pans
So softly that the little nested thrush
Will never wake, and then with shrilly laugh and
leap will rush

Down the green valley where the fallen dew
Lies thick beneath the elm and count her store,
Till the brown Satyrs in a jolly crew
Trample the loose strife down along the shore,

And where their hornèd master sits in state
Bring strawberries and bloomy plums upon a wicker
crate !

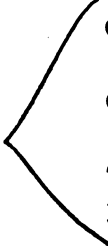
Sing on ! and soon with passion-wearied face
Through the cool leaves Apollo's lad will come,
The Tyrian prince his bristled boar will chase
Adown the chestnut-copses all a-bloom,
And ivory-limbed, gray-eyed, with look of pride,
After yon velvet-coated deer the virgin maid will ride.

Sing on ! and I the dying boy will see
Stain with his purple blood the waxen bell
That overweighs the jacinth, and to me
The wretched Cyprian her woe will tell,
And I will kiss her mouth and streaming eyes,
And lead her to the myrtle-hidden grove where Adon
lies !

Cry out aloud on Itys ! memory
That foster-brother of remorse and pain
Drops poison in mine ear,—O to be free,
To burn one's old ships ! and to launch again
Into the white-plumed battle of the waves
And fight old Proteus for the spoil of coral-flowered
caves !

O for Medea with her poppied spell !
O for the secret of the Colchian shrine !
O for one leaf of that pale asphodel
Which binds the tired brows of Proserpine,
And sheds such wondrous dew at eve that she
Dreams of the fields of Enna, by the far Sicilian sea.

Where oft the golden-girdled bee she chased
From lily to lily on the level mead,
Ere yet her sombre Lord had bid her taste
The deadly fruit of that pomegranate seed,
Ere the black steeds had harried her away
Down to the faint and flowerless land, the sick and
sunless day.



O for one midnight and as paramour
The Venus of the little Melian farm !
O that some antique statue for one hour
Might wake to passion, and that I could charm
The Dawn at Florence from its dumb despair
Mix with those mighty limbs and make that giant
breast my lair !

Sing on ! sing on ! I would be drunk with life,
Drunk with the trampled vintage of my youth,

I would forget the wearying wasted strife,
The riven vale, the Gorgon eyes of Truth,
The prayerless vigil and the cry for prayer,
The barren gifts, the lifted arms, the dull insensate air !

Sing on ! sing on ! O feathered Niobe,
Thou canst make sorrow beautiful, and steal
From joy its sweetest music, not as we
Who by dead voiceless silence strive to heal
Our too untented wounds, and do but keep
Pain barricadoed in our hearts, and murder pillowed
sleep.

Sing louder yet, why must I still behold
The wan white face of that deserted Christ,
Whose bleeding hands my hands did once enfold,
Whose smitten lips my lips so oft have kissed,
And now in mute and marble misery
Sits in his lone dishonored House and weeps, per-
chance for me.

O Memory cast down thy wreathèd shell !
Break thy hoarse lute O sad Melpômene !
O Sorrow, Sorrow keep thy cloistered cell
Nor dim with tears this limpid Castaly !
Cease, Philomel, thou dost the forest wrong
To vex its sylvan quiet with such wild impassioned song !

Cease, cease, or if 'tis anguish to be dumb
Take from the pastoral thrush her simpler air,
Whose jocund carelessness doth more become
This English woodland than thy keen despair,
Ah! cease and let the northwind bear thy lay
Back to the rocky hills of Thrace, the stormy Daulian
bay.

A moment more, the startled leaves had stirred,
Endymion would have passed across the mead
Moonstruck with love, and this still Thames had heard
Pan plash and paddle groping for some reed
To lure from her blue cave that Naiad maid
Who for such piping listens half in joy and half afraid.

← A moment more, the waking dove had cooed,
The silver daughter of the silver sea
With the fond gyves of clinging hands had wooed
Her wanton from the chase, and Dryope
Had thrust aside the branches of her oak
To see the lusty gold-haired lad rein in his snorting
yoke.

A moment more, the trees had stooped to kiss
Pale Daphne just awakening from the swoon
Of tremulous laurels, lonely Salmacis
Had bared his barren beauty to the moon,

And through the vale with sad voluptuous smile
Antinous had wandered, the red lotus of the Nile

Down leaning from his black and clustering hair,
To shade those slumberous eyelids' caverned bliss,
Or else on yonder grassy slope with bare
High-tuniced limbs unravished Artemis
Had bade her hounds give tongue, and roused the
deer
From his green ambushade with shrill halloo and
pricking spear.

Lie still, lie still, O passionate heart, lie still !
O Melancholy, fold thy raven wing !
O sobbing Dryad, from thy hollow hill
Come not with such desponded answering !
No more thou wingèd Marsyas complain,
Apollo loveth not to hear such troubled songs of pain !

It was a dream, the glade is tenantless,
No soft Ionian laughter moves the air,
The Thames creeps on in sluggish leadenness,
And from the copse left desolate and bare
Fled is young Bacchus with his revelry,
Yet still from Nuneham wood there comes that thrilling
melody

So sad, that one might think a human heart
 Brake in each separate note, a quality
Which music sometimes has, being the Art
 Which is most nigh to tears and memory,
Poor mourning Philomel, what dost thou fear?
Thy sister doth not haunt these fields, Pandion is not
 here,

Here is no cruel Lord with murderous blade,
 No woven web of bloody heraldries,
But mossy dells for roving comrades made,
 Warm valleys where the tired student lies
With half-shut book, and many a winding walk
Where rustic lovers stray at eve in happy simple talk.

The harmless rabbit gambols with its young
 Across the trampled towing-path, where late
A troop of laughing boys in jostling throng
 Cheered with their noisy cries the racing eight;
The gossamer, with raveled silver threads,
Works at its little loom, and from the dusky red-eaved
 sheds

Of the lone Farm a flickering light shines out
 Where the swinked shepherd drives his bleating
 flock

Back to their wattled sheep-cotes, a faint shout
Comes from some Oxford boat at Sandford lock,
And starts the moor-hen from the sedgy rill,
And the dim lengthening shadows flit like swallows
up the hill.

The heron passes homeward to the mere,
The blue mist creeps among the shivering trees,
Gold world by world the silent stars appear,
And like a blossom blown before the breeze,
A white moon drifts across the shimmering sky,
Mute arbitress of all thy sad, thy rapturous threnody.

She does not heed 'thee, wherefore should she heed,
She knows Endymion is not far away,
'Tis I, 'tis I, whose soul is as the reed
Which has no message of its own to play,
So pipes another's bidding, it is I,
Drifting with every wind on the wide sea of misery.

Ah ! the brown bird has ceased : one exquisite trill
About the sombre woodland seems to cling
Dying in music, else the air is still,
So still that one might hear the bat's small wing

Wander and wheel above the pines, or tell
Each tiny dewdrop dripping from the bluebell's
brimming cell.

And far away across the lengthening wold,
Across the willowy flats and thickets brown,
Magdalen's tall tower tipped with tremulous gold
Marks the long High Street of the little town,
And warns me to return ; I must not wait,
Hark ! 'tis the curfew booming from the bell at
Christ Church gate.

WIND FLOWERS

IMPRESSION DU MATIN

THE Thames nocturne of blue and gold
Changed to a Harmony in gray :
A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf : and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and S. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang
Of waking life ; the streets were stirred
With country wagons : and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
The daylight kissing her wan hair,
Loitered beneath the gas lamps' flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

MAGDALEN WALKS

THE little white clouds are racing over the sky,
And the fields are strewn with the gold of the
flower of March,

The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasseled
larch

Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

A delicate odor is borne on the wings of the morning
breeze,

The odor of deep wet grass, and of brown new-
furrowed earth,

The birds are singing for joy of the Spring's glad
birth,

Hopping from branch to branch on the rocking trees.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and
sound of Spring,

And the rosebud breaks into pink on the climbing
briar,

And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.

And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering some tale
of love

Till it rustles with laughter and tosses its mantle of
green,

And the gloom of the wych-elm's hollow is lit with
the iris sheen

Of the burnished rainbow throat and the silver breast
of a dove.

See ! the lark starts up from his bed in the meadow
there,

Breaking the gossamer threads and the nets of
dew,

And flashing a-down the river, a flame of blue !

The kingfisher flies like an arrow, and wounds the air.

3

ATHANASIA

TO that gaunt House of Art which lacks for naught
Of all the great things men have saved from
Time,

The withered body of a girl was brought
Dead ere the world's glad youth had touched its
prime,
And seen by lonely Arabs lying hid
In the dim womb of some black pyramid.

But when they had unloosed the linen band
Which swathed the Egyptian's body,—lo! was
found

Closed in the wasted hollow of her hand
A little seed, which sown in English ground
Did wondrous snow of starry blossoms bear,
And spread rich odors through our springtide air.

With such strange arts this flower did allure
That all forgotten was the asphodel,
And the brown bee, the lily's paramour,
Forsook the cup where he was wont to dwell,
For not a thing of earth it seemed to be,
But stolen from some heavenly Arcady.

In vain the sad narcissus, wan and white
At its own beauty, hung across the stream,
The purple dragon-fly had no delight
With its gold dust to make his wings a-gleam,
Ah! no delight the jasmine-bloom to kiss,
Or brush the rain-pearls from the eucharis.

For love of it the passionate nightingale
Forgot the hills of Thrace, the cruel king,
And the pale dove no longer cared to sail
Through the wet woods at time of blossoming,
But round this flower of Egypt sought to float,
With silvered wing and amethystine throat.

While the hot sun blazed in his tower of blue
A cooling wind crept from the land of snows,
And the warm south with tender tears of dew
Drenched its white leaves when Hesperos uprose
Amid those sea-green meadows of the sky
On which the scarlet bars of sunset lie.

But when o'er wastes of lily-haunted field
The tired birds had stayed their amorous tune,
And broad and glittering like an argent shield
High in the sapphire heavens hung the moon,

Did no strange dream or evil memory make
Each tremulous petal of its blossoms shake?

Ah no! to this bright flower a thousand years
Seemed but the lingering of a summer's day,
It never knew the tide of cankering fears
Which turn a boy's gold hair to withered gray,
The dread desire of death it never knew,
Or how all folk that they were born must rue.

For we to death with pipe and dancing go,
Nor would we pass the ivory gate again,
As some sad river wearied of its flow
Through the dull plains, the haunts of common men,
Leaps lover-like into the terrible sea!
And counts it gain to die so gloriously.

We mar our lordly strength in barren strife
With the world's legions led by clamorous care,
It never feels decay but gathers life
From the pure sunlight and the supreme air,
We live beneath Time's wasting sovereignty,
It is the child of all eternity.

SERENADE

(FOR MUSIC)

THE western wind is blowing fair
 Across the dark Ægean sea,
And at the secret marble stair
 My Tyrian galley waits for thee.
Come down ! the purple sail is spread,
 The watchman sleeps within the town,
O leave thy lily-flowered bed,
 O Lady mine come down, come down !

She will not come, I know her well,
 Of lover's vows she hath no care,
And little good a man can tell
 Of one so cruel and so fair.
True love is but a woman's toy,
 They never know the lover's pain,
And I who loved as loves a boy
 Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot tell me true
Is that the sheen of golden hair ?
Or is it but the tangled dew
That binds the passion-flowers there ?
Good sailor come and tell me now
Is that my Lady's lily hand ?
Or is it but the gleaming prow,
Or is it but the silver sand ?

No ! no ! 'tis not the tangled dew,
'Tis not the silver-fretted sand,
It is my own dear Lady true
With golden hair and lily hand !
O noble pilot steer for Troy,
Good sailor ply the laboring oar,
This is the Queen of life and joy
Whom we must bear from Grecian shore !

The waning sky grows faint and blue,
It wants an hour still of day,
Aboard ! aboard ! my gallant crew,
O Lady mine away ! away !
O noble pilot steer for Troy,
Good sailor ply the laboring oar,
O loved as only loves a boy !
O loved for ever evermore !

ENDYMION

(FOR MUSIC)

THE apple trees are hung with gold,
And birds are loud in Arcady,
The sheep lie bleating in the fold,
The wild goat runs across the wold,
But yesterday his love he told,

I know he will come back to me.
O rising moon ! O Lady moon !
Be you my lover's sentinel,
You cannot choose but know him well,
For he is shod with purple shoon,
You cannot choose but know my love,
For he a shepherd's crook doth bear,
And he is soft as any dove,
And brown and curly is his hair.

The turtle now has ceased to call
Upon her crimson-footed groom,
The gray wolf prowls about the stall,
The lily's singing seneschal

Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
The violet hills are lost in gloom.
O risen moon ! O holy moon !
Stand on the top of Helice,
And if my own true love you see,
Ah ! if you see the purple shoon,
The hazel crook, the lad's brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about his arm,
Tell him that I am waiting where
The rushlight glimmers in the Farm.

The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fauns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors, and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon ! False moon ! O waning moon !
Where is my own true lover gone,
Where are the lips vermilion,
The shepherd's crook, the purple shoon ?
Why spread that silver pavilion,
Why wear that veil of drifting mist ?
Ah ! thou hast young Endymion,
Thou hast the lips that should be kissed !

LA BELLA DONNA DELLA MIA MENTE

MY limbs are wasted with a flame,
My feet are sore with traveling,
For calling on my Lady's name
My lips have now forgot to sing.

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake
Strain for my Love thy melody,
O Lark sing louder for love's sake,
My gentle Lady passeth by.

She is too fair for any man
To see or hold his heart's delight,
Fairer than Queen or courtezan
Or moonlit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,
(Green leaves upon her golden hair !)
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves
Of autumn corn are not more fair.

Her little lips, more made to kiss
Than to cry bitterly for pain,
Are tremulous as brook-water is,
Or roses after evening rain.

Her neck is like white melilote
Flushing for pleasure of the sun,
The throbbing of the linnet's throat
Is not so sweet to look upon.

As a pomegranate, cut in twain,
White-seeded, is her crimson mouth,
Her cheeks are as the fading stain
Where the peach reddens to the south.

O twining hands ! O delicate
White body made for love and pain !
O House of love ! O desolate
Pale flower beaten by the rain !

CHANSON

A RING of gold and a milk-white dove
Are goodly gifts for thee,
And a hempen rope for your own love
To hang upon a tree.

For you a House of Ivory
(Roses are white in the rose-bower) !
A narrow bed for me to lie
(White, O white, is the hemlock flower) !

Myrtle and jessamine for you
(O the red rose is fair to see) !
For me the cypress and the rue
(Fairest of all is rose-mary) !

For you three lovers of your hand
(Green grass where a man lies dead) !
For me three paces on the sand
(Plant lilies at my head) !

CHARMIDES

CHARMIDES

I

HE was a Grecian lad, who coming home
With pulpy figs and wine from Sicily
Stood at his galley's prow, and let the foam
Blow through his crisp brown curls unconsciously,
And holding wave and wind in boy's despite
Peered from his dripping seat across the wet and
stormy night

Till with the dawn he saw a burnished spear
Like a thin thread of gold against the sky,
And hoisted sail, and strained the creaking gear,
And bade the pilot head her lustily
Against the nor'west gale, and all day long
Held on his way, and marked the rowers' time with
measured song,

And when the faint Corinthian hills were red
Dropped anchor in a little sandy bay,
And with fresh boughs of olive crowned his head,
And brushed from cheek and throat the hoary spray,

And washed his limbs with oil, and from the hold
Brought out his linen tunic and his sandals brazen-
soled,

And a rich robe stained with the fishes' juice
Which of some swarthy trader he had bought
Upon the sunny quay at Syracuse,

And was with Tyrian broideries inwrought,
And by the questioning merchants made his way
Up through the soft and silver woods, and when the
laboring day

Had spun its tangled web of crimson cloud,
Clomb the high hill, and with swift silent feet
Crept to the fane unnoticed by the crowd

Of busy priests, and from some dark retreat
Watched the young swains his frolic playmates bring
The firstling of their little flock, and the shy shepherd
fling

The crackling salt upon the flame, or hang
His studded crook against the temple wall
To Her who keeps away the ravenous fang
Of the base wolf from homestead and from stall ;
And then the clear-voiced maidens 'gan to sing,
And to the altar each man brought some goodly
offering,

A beechen cup brimming with milky foam,
A fair cloth wrought with cunning imagery
Of hounds in chase, a waxen honey-comb
Dripping with oozy gold which scarce the bee
Had ceased from building, a black skin of oil
Meet for the wrestlers, a great boar the fierce and
white-tusked spoil

Stolen from Artemis that jealous maid
To please Athena, and the dappled hide
Of a tall stag who in some mountain glade
Had met the shaft ; and then the herald cried,
And from the pillared precinct one by one
Went the glad Greeks well pleased that they their
simple vows had done.

And the old priest put out the waning fires
Save that one lamp whose restless ruby glowed
Forever in the cell, and the shrill lyres
Came fainter on the wind, as down the road
In joyous dance these country folk did pass,
And with stout hands the warder closed the gates of
polished brass.

Long time he lay and hardly dared to breathe,
And heard the cadenced drip of spilt-out wine,

And the rose-petals falling from the wreath
As the night breezes wandered through the shrine,
And seemed to be in some entranced swoon
Till through the open roof above the full and brim-
ming moon

Flooded with sheeny waves the marble floor,
When from his nook upleapt the venturous lad,
And flinging wide the cedar-carven door
Beheld an awful image saffron-clad
And armed for battle ! the gaunt Griffin glared
From the huge helm, and the long lance of wreck and
ruin flared

Like a red rod of flame, stony and steeled
The Gorgon's head its leaden eyeballs rolled,
And writhed its snaky horrors through the shield,
And gaped aghast with bloodless lips and cold
In passion impotent, while with blind gaze
The blinking owl between the feet hooted in shrill
amaze.

The lonely fisher as he trimmed his lamp
Far out at sea off Sunium, or cast
The net for tunnies, heard a brazen tramp
Of horses smite the waves, and a wild blast

Divide the folded curtains of the night,
And knelt upon the little poop, and prayed in holy
fright.

And guilty lovers in their vinery
 Forgot a little while their stolen sweets,
Deeming they heard dread Dian's bitter cry ;
 And the grim watchmen on their lofty seats
Ran to their shields in haste precipitate,
Or strained black-bearded throats across the dusky
 parapet.

For round the temple rolled the clang of arms,
 And the twelve Gods leapt up in marble fear, →
And the air quaked with dissonant alarums
 Till huge Poseidon shook his mighty spear,
And on the frieze the prancing horses neighed,
And the low tread of hurrying feet rang from the
 cavalcade.

Ready for death with parted lips he stood,
 And well content at such a price to see
That calm wide brow, that terrible maidenhood,
 The marvel of that pitiless chastity,
Ah ! well content indeed, for never wight
Since Troy's young shepherd prince had seen so won-
 derful a sight.

V

Ready for death he stood, but lo ! the air
Grew silent, and the horses ceased to neigh,
And off his brow he tossed the clustering hair,
And from his limbs he threw the cloak away,
For whom would not such love make desperate,
And nigher came, and touched her throat, and with
hands violate

Undid the cuirass, and the crocus gown,
And bared the breasts of polished ivory,
Till from the waist the peplos falling down
Left visible the secret mystery
Which to no lover will Athena show,
The grand cool flanks, the crescent thighs, the bossy
hills of snow.

[Those who have never known a lover's sin
Let them not read my ditty, it will be
To their dull ears so musicless and thin
That they will have no joy of it, but ye
To whose wan cheeks now creeps the lingering smile
Ye who have learned who Eros is,—O listen yet
awhile.]

A little space he let his greedy eyes
Rest on the burnished image, till mere sight

~~Half~~ swooned for surfeit of such luxuries,
And then his lips in hungering delight
Fed on her lips, and round the towered neck
He flung his arms, nor cared at all his passion's will
to check.

Never I ween did lover hold such tryst,
For all night long he murmured honeyed word,
And saw her sweet unravished limbs, and kissed
Her pale and argent body undisturbed,
And paddled with the polished throat, and pressed
His hot and beating heart upon her chill and icy
breast.

It was as if Numidian javelins
Pierced through and through his wild and whirling
brain,
And his nerves thrilled like throbbing violins
In exquisite pulsation, and the pain
Was such sweet anguish that he never drew
His lips from hers till overheard the lark of warning
flew.

[They who have never seen the daylight peer
Into a darkened room, and drawn the curtain,

And with dull eyes and wearied from some dear
And worshiped body risen, they for certain
Will never know of what I try to sing,
How long the last kiss was, how fond and late his
lingering.]

The moon was girdled with a crystal rim,
The sign which shipmen say is ominous
Of wrath in heaven, the wan stars were dim,
And the low lightening east was tremulous
With the faint fluttering wings of flying dawn,
Ere from the silent sombre shrine this lover had with-
drawn.

Down the steep rock with hurried feet and fast
Clomb the brave lad, and reached the cave of Pan,
And heard the goat-foot snoring as he passed,
And leapt upon a grassy knoll and ran
Like a young fawn unto an olive wood
Which in a shady valley by the well-built city stood.

And sought a little stream, which well he knew,
For oftentimes with boyish careless shout
The green and crested grebe he would pursue,
Or snare in woven net the silver trout,

And down amid the startled reeds he lay
Panting in breathless sweet affright, and waited for
the day.

On the green bank he lay, and let one hand
Dip in the cool dark eddies listlessly,
And soon the breath of morning came and fanned
His hot flushed cheeks, or lifted wantonly
The tangled curls from off his forehead, while
He on the running water gazed with strange and
secret smile.

And soon the shepherd in rough woollen cloak
With his long crook undid the wattled cotes,
And from the stack a thin blue wreath of smoke
Curled through the air across the ripening oats,
And on the hill the yellow house-dog bayed
As through the crisp and rustling fern the heavy cattle
strayed.

And when the light-foot mower went afield
Across the meadows laced with threaded dew,
And the sheep bleated on the misty weald,
And from its nest the waking corn-crake flew,

Some woodmen saw him lying by the stream
And marvelled much that any lad so beautiful could
seem,

Now seemed him born of mortals, and one said,

“ It is young Hygeus, that false runaway
Who with a Naiad now would make his bed
Forgetting Heracles,” but others, “ Nay,
It is Narcissus, his own paramour,
Those are the fond and crimson lips no woman can
allure.”

And when they nearer came a third one cried,

“ It is young Dionysos who has hid
His spear and fawnskin by the riverside
Weary of hunting with the Bæarid,
And wise indeed were we away to fly
They live not long who on the gods immortal come to
spy.”

So turned they back, and feared to look behind,

And told the timid swain how they had seen
Amid the reeds some woodland God reclined,
And no man dared to cross the open green,
And on that day no olive-tree was slain,
Not fustian cut, but all deserted was the fair domain.

Save when the neat-herd's lad, his empty pail
Well slung upon his back, with leap and bound
Raced on the other side, and stopped to hail
Hoping that he some comrade new had found,
And gat no answer, and then half afraid
Passed on his simple way, or down the still and silent
glade

A little girl ran laughing from the farm
Not thinking of love's secret mysteries,
And when she saw the white and gleaming arm
And all his manlihood, with longing eyes
Whose passion mocked her sweet virginity
Watched him a-while, and then stole back sadly and
wearily.

Far off he heard the city's hum and noise,
And now and then the shriller laughter where
The passionate purity of brown-limbed boys
Wrestled or raced in the clear healthful air,
And now and then a little tinkling bell
As the shorn wether led the sheep down to the mossy
well.

Through the gray willows danced the fretful gnat,
The grasshopper chirped idly from the tree,

In. about and silky coat the water out

Dressing the little ripples manfully

Mark on the wide-duck's nest, from laugh to laugh
Itapped the sky track, and the huge untorn carpet
Across the slough.

On the same wind fluted the silky weeds,

As the bright scythe swept through the waving
grass,

The moon-moon splashed circles in the reeds

And flunked with silver where the forest's glass,

Whom nature had caught again in imagery

For even so had the dusky ranch kept in the dragon-
fly

But little care had he for anything

Though up and down the beech the squirrel
played,

And from the copse the linnets 'gan to sing

To her brown mate her sweetest serenade,

Ah ! little care indeed, for he had seen

The breasts of Pallas and the naked wonder of the
Queen.

But when the herdsman called his straggling goats

With whistling pipe across the rocky road,

And the shard-beetle with its trumpet-notes
Boomed through the darkening woods, and seemed
to bode
Of coming storm, and the belated crane
Passed homeward like a shadow, and the dull big
drops of rain

Fell on the pattering fig-leaves, up he rose,
And from the gloomy forest went his way
Past sombre homestead and wet orchard-close,
And came at last unto a little quay,
And called his mates a-board, and took his seat
On the high poop, and pushed from land, and loosed
the dripping sheet,

And steered across the bay, and when nine suns
Passed down the long and laddered way of gold,
And nine pale moons had breathed their orisons
To the chaste stars their confessors, or told
Their dearest secret to the downy moth
That will not fly at noonday, through the foam and
surging froth

Came a great owl with yellow sulphurous eyes
And lit upon the ship, whose timbers creaked

As though the tiding of three argosies

Were in the cold, and flapped its wings, and shrieked,
And darkness straightway stole across the deep,
Sheathed was Orion's sword, dread Mars himself fled
Down the steep,

And the moon hid behind a tawny mask

Of drifting cloud, and from the ocean's marge
Rose the red plume, the huge and horned casque,
The seven-cubit spear, the brazen targe !
And clad in bright and burnished panoply
Athena strode across the stretch of sick and shivering
sea :

To the dull sailors' sight her loosened locks

Seemed like the jagged storm-rack, and her feet
Only the spume that floats on hidden rocks,
And marking how the rising waters beat
Against the rolling ship, the pilot cried
To the young helmsman at the stern to luff to wind-
ward side.

But he, the over-bold adulterer,

A dear profaner of great mysteries,
An ardent amorous idolater,
When he beheld those grand relentless eyes

Laughed loud for joy, and crying out " I come "
Leapt from the lofty poop into the chill and churning
foam.

Then fell from the high heaven one bright star,
One dancer left the circling galaxy,
And back to Athens on her clattering car
In all the pride of venged divinity
Pale Pallas swept with shrill and steely clank,
And a few gurgling bubbles rose where her boy lover
sank.

And the mast shuddered as the gaunt owl flew
With mocking hoots after the wrathful Queen,
And the old pilot bade the trembling crew
Hoist the big sail, and told how he had seen
Close to the stern a dim and giant form,
And like a dipping swallow the stout ship dashed
through the storm.

And no man dared to speak of Charmides
Deeming that he some evil thing had wrought,
And when they reached the strait Symplegades
They beached their galley on the shore, and sought
The toll-gate of the city hastily,
And in the market showed their brown and pictured
pottery.

II

BUT some good Triton-god had ruth, and bare
The boy's drowned body back to Grecian land,
And mermaids combed his dank and dripping hair
And smoothed his brow, and loosed his clenching
hand,
Some brought sweet spices from far Araby,
And others bade the halcyon sing her softest lullaby.

And when he neared his old Athenian home,
A mighty billow rose up suddenly
Upon whose oily back the clotted foam
Lay diapered in some strange fantasy,
And clasping him unto its glassy breast,
Swept landward, like a white-maned steed upon a
venturous quest !

Now where Colonos leans unto the sea
There lies a long and level stretch of lawn,
The rabbit knows it, and the mountain bee
For it deserts Hymettus, and the Faun

Is not afraid, for never through the day
Comes a cry ruder than the shout of shepherd lads at
play.

But often from the thorny labyrinth
And tangled branches of the circling wood
The stealthy hunter sees young Hyacinth
Hurling the polished disk, and draws his hood
Over his guilty gaze, and creeps away,
Nor dares to wind his horn, or—else at the first break
of day

The Dryads come and throw the leathern ball
Along the reedy shore, and circumvent
Some goat-eared Pan to be their seneschal
For fear of bold Poseidon's ravishment,
And loose their girdles, with shy timorous eyes,
Lest from the surf his azure arms and purple beard
should rise.

On this side and on that a rocky cave,
Hung with the yellow-bell'd laburnum, stands,
Smooth is the beach, save where some ebbing wave
Leaves its faint outline etched upon the sands,
As though it feared to be too soon forgot
By the green rush, its playfellow,—and yet, it is a spot

So small, that the inconstant butterfly
 Could steal the hoarded honey from each flower
Ere it was noon, and still not satisfy
 Its over-greedy love,—within an hour
A sailor boy, were he but rude enow
To land and pluck a garland for his galley's painted
 prow,

Would almost leave the little meadow bare,
 For it knows nothing of great pageantry,
Only a few narcissi here and there
 Stand separate in sweet austerity,
Dotting the unmown grass with silver stars,
And here and there a daffodil waves tiny scimetars.

Hither the billow brought him, and was glad
 Of such dear servitude, and where the land
Was virgin of all waters laid the lad
 Upon the golden margent of the strand,
And like a lingering lover oft returned
To kiss those pallid limbs which once with intense fire
 burned,

Ere the wet seas had quenched that holocaust,
 That self-fed flame, that passionate lustihead,
Ere grisly death with chill and nipping frost
 Had withered up those lilies white and red

Which, while the boy would through the forest range,
Answered each other in a sweet antiphonal counter-
change.

And when at dawn the woodnymphs, hand-in-hand,
Threaded the bosky dell, their satyr spied
The boy's pale body stretched upon the sand,
And feared Poseidon's treachery, and cried,
And like bright sunbeams flittering through a glade,
Each startled Dryad sought some safe and leafy am-
buscade.

Save one white girl, who deemed it would not be
So dread a thing to feel a sea-god's arms
Crushing her breasts in amorous tyranny,
And longed to listen to those subtle charms
Insidious lovers weave when they would win
Some fenced fortress, and stole back again, nor
thought it sin

To yield her treasure unto one so fair,
And lay beside him, thirsty with love's drouth,
Called him soft names, played with his tangled hair,
And with hot lips made havoc of his mouth
Afraid he might not awake, and then afraid
Lest he might wake too soon, fled back, and then,
fond renegade,

Returned to fresh assault, and all day long
Sat at his side, and laughed at her new toy,
And held his hand, and sang her sweetest song,
Then frowned to see how froward was the boy
Who would not with her maidenhood entwine,
Nor knew that three days since his eyes had looked on
Proserpine,

Nor knew what sacrilege his lips had done,
But said, "He will awake, I know him well,
He will awake at evening when the sun
Hangs his red shield on Corinth's citadel,
This sleep is but a cruel treachery
To make me love him more, and in some cavern of
the sea

Deeper than ever falls the fisher's line
Already a huge Triton blows his horn,
And weaves a garland from the crystalline
And drifting ocean-tendrils to adorn
The emerald pillars of our bridal bed,
For sphered in foaming silver, and with coral-crowned
head,

We two will sit upon a throne of pearl,
And a blue wave will be our canopy,

And at our feet the water-snakes will curl
In all their amethystine panoply
Of diamonded mail, and we will mark
The mullets swimming by the mast of some storm-
foundered bark,

Vermilion-finned with eyes of bossy gold
Like flakes of crimson light, and the great deep
His glassy-portaled chamber will unfold,
And we will see the painted dolphins sleep
Cradled by murmuring halcyons on the rocks
Where Proteus in quaint suit of green pastures his
monstrous flocks.

And tremulous opal-hued anemones
Will wave their purple fringes where we tread
Upon the mirrored floor, and argosies
Of fishes flecked with tawny scales will thread
The drifting cordage of the shattered wreck,
And honey-colored amber beads our twining limbs
will deck."

But when that baffled Lord of War the Sun
With gaudy pennon flying passed away
Into his brazen House, and one by one
The little yellow stars began to stray

across the field of heaven, and then indeed
the tender kiss upon her lips would never cease to
last.

And crescent - Awanah, already the pale moon
Washes the trees with silver, and the wave
Cooops gay and dilly up this sandy dune,
The crossing frogs are out, and from the cave
The night-jar sallies, and dithering bats repass,
And the brown stoat with hollow clanks creeps through
the dusky grass.

Nay, though thou art a God, be not so coy,
For in your stream there is a little reed
That often whispers how a lovely boy
Lay with her once upon a grassy mead,
Who when his cruel pleasure he had done
Spread wings of rustling gold and soared aloft into the
sun.

Be not so coy, the laurel trembles still
With great Apollo's kisses, and the fir
Whose clustering sisters fringe the sea-ward hill
Hath many a tale of that bold ravisher
Whom men call Boreas, and I have seen
The mocking eyes of Hermes through the poplar's
silvery sheen.

Even the jealous Naiads call me fair,
And every morn a young and ruddy swain
Wooes me with apples and with locks of hair,
And seeks to soothe my virginal disdain
By all the gifts the gentle wood-nymphs love ;
But yesterday he brought to me an iris-plumaged
dove

With little crimson feet, which with its store
Of seven spotted eggs the cruel lad
Had stolen from the lofty sycamore
At daybreak, when her amorous comrade had
Flown off in search of berried juniper
Which most they love ; the fretful wasp, that earliest
vintager

Of the blue grapes, hath not persistency
So constant as this simple shepherd-boy
For my poor lips, his joyous purity
And laughing sunny eyes might well decoy
A Dryad from her oath to Artemis ;
For very beautiful is he, his mouth was made to kiss,

His argent forehead, like a rising moon
Over the dusky hills of meeting brows,
Is crescent shaped, the hot and Tyrian noon
Leads from the myrtle-grove no goodlier spouse

For Cytheræa, the first silky down
Fringes his blushing cheeks, and his young limbs are
strong and brown :

And he is rich, and fat and fleecy herds
Of bleating sheep upon his meadows lie,
And many an earthen bowl of yellow curds
Is in his homestead for the thievish fly
To swim and drown in, the pink clover mead
Keeps its sweet store for him, and he can pipe on oaten
reed.

And yet I love him not, it was for thee
I kept my love, I knew that thou would'st come
To rid me of this pallid chastity ;
Thou fairest flower of the flowerless foam
Of all the wide Ægean, brightest star
Of ocean's azure heavens where the mirrored planets
are !

I knew that thou would'st come, for when at first
The dry wood burgeoned, and the sap of Spring
Swelled in my green and tender bark or burst
To myriad multitudinous blossoming
Which mocked the midnight with its mimic moons
That did not dread the dawn, and first the thrushes'
rapturous tunes

Startled the squirrel from its granary,
And cuckoo flowers fringed the narrow lane,
Through my young leaves a sensuous ecstasy
Crept like new wine, and every mossy vein
Throbbled with the fitful pulse of amorous blood,
And the wild winds of passion shook my slim stem's
maidenhood.

The trooping fawns at evening came and laid
Their cool black noses on my lowest boughs,
And on my topmost branch the blackbird made
A little nest of grasses for his spouse,
And now and then a twittering wren would light
On a thin twig which hardly bare the weight of such
delight.

I was the Attic shepherd's trysting place,
Beneath my shadow Amaryllis lay,
And round my trunk would laughing Daphnis chase
The timorous girl, till tired out with play
She felt his hot breath stir her tangled hair,
And turned, and looked, and fled no more from such
delightful snare.

Then come away unto my ambushade
Where clustering woodbine weaves a canopy

For amorous pleasaunce, and the rustling shade
Of Paphian myrtles seems to sanctify
The dearest rites of love, there in the cool
And green recesses of its farthest depth there is a pool,
The ouzel's haunt, the wild bee's pasturage,
For round its rim great creamy lilies float
Through their flat leaves in verdant anchorage,
Each cup a white-sailed golden-laden boat
Steered by a dragon-fly,—be not afraid
To leave this wan and wave-kissed shore, surely the
place was made

For lovers such as we, the Cyprian Queen,
One arm around her boyish paramour,
Strays often there at eve, and I have seen
The moon strip off her misty vestiture
For young Endymion's eyes, be not afraid,
The panther feet of Dian never tread that secret glade.

Nay if thou wil'st, back to the beating brine,
Back to the boisterous billow let us go,
And walk all day beneath the hyaline
Huge vault of Neptune's watery portico,
And watch the purple monsters of the deep
Sport in ungainly play, and from his lair keen Xiphias
leap.

For if my mistress find me lying here
She will not ruth or gentle pity show,
But lay her boar-spear down, and with austere
Relentless fingers string the cornel bow,
And draw the feathered notch against her breast,
And loose the archèd cord, ay, even now upon the
quest

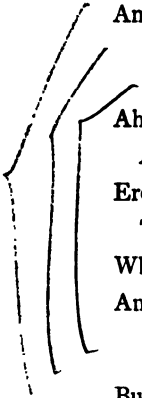
I hear her hurrying feet,—awake, awake,
Thou laggard in love's battle ! once at least
Let me drink deep of passion's wine, and slake
My parchèd being with the nectarous feast
Which even Gods affect ! O come Love come,
Still we have time to reach the cavern of thine azure
home."

Scarce had she spoken when the shuddering trees
Shook, and the leaves divided, and the air
Grew conscious of a God, and the gray seas
Crawled backward, and a long and dismal blare
Blew from some tasseled horn, a sleuth-hound bayed,
And like a flame a barbed reed flew whizzing down
the glade.

And where the little flowers of her breast
Just break into their milky blossoming,

This murderous paramour, this unbidden guest,
Pierced and struck deep in horrid chambering,
And ploughed a bloody furrow with its dart,
And dug a long red road, and cleft with wingèd death
her heart.

Sobbing her life out with a bitter cry
On the boy's body fell the Dryad maid,
Sobbing for incomplete virginity,
And raptures unenjoyed, and pleasures dead,
And all the pain of things unsatisfied,
And the bright drops of crimson youth crept down
her throbbing side.



Ah! pitiful it was to hear her moan,
And very pitiful to see her die
Ere she had yielded up her sweets, or known
The joy of passion, that dread mystery
Which not to know is not to live at all,
And yet to know is to be held in death's most deadly
thrall.

But as it hapt the Queen of Cythere,
Who with Adonis all night long had lain
Within some shepherd's hut in Arcady,
On team of silver doves and gilded wane

Was journeying Paphos-ward, high up afar
From mortal ken between the mountains and the
morning star,

And when low down she spied the hapless pair,
And heard the Oread's faint despairing cry,
Whose cadence seemed to play upon the air
As though it were a viol, hastily
She bade her pigeons fold each straining plume,
And dropt to earth, and reached the strand, and saw
their dolorous doom.

For as a gardener turning back his head
To catch the last notes of the linnet, mows
With careless scythe too near some flower bed,
And cuts the thorny pillar of the rose,
And with the flower's loosened loveliness
Strews the brown mould, or as some shepherd lad in
wantonness

Driving his little flock along the mead
Treads down two daffodils which side by side
Have lured the lady-bird with yellow brede
And made the gaudy moth forget its pride,
Treads down their brimming golden chalices
Under light feet which were not made for such rude
ravages,

Or as a schoolboy tired of his book
Flings himself down upon the reedy grass
And plucks two water-lilies from the brook,
And for a time forgets the hour glass,
Then wearies of their sweets, and goes his way,
And lets the hot sun kill them, even so these lovers
lay.

And Venus cried, "It is dread *Artemis*
Whose bitter hand hath wrought this cruelty,
Or else that mightier may whose care it is
To guard her strong and stainless majesty
Upon the hill Athenian,—alas!
That they who loved so well unloved into Death's
house should pass."

So with soft hands she laid the boy and girl
In the great golden wagon tenderly,
Her white throat whiter than a moony pearl
Just threaded with a blue vein's tapestry
Had not yet ceased to throb, and still her breast
Swayed like a wind-stirred lily in ambiguous unrest.

And then each pigeon spread its milky van,
The bright car soared into the dawning sky,
And like a cloud the aerial caravan
Passed over the Ægean silently,

Till the faint air was troubled with the song
From the wan mouths that call on bleeding Thammuz
all night long.

But when the doves had reached their wonted goal
Where the wide stair of orbèd marble dips
Its snow into the sea, her fluttering soul
Just shook the trembling petals of her lips
And passed into the void, and Venus knew
That one fair maid the less would walk amid her
retinue,

And bade her servants carve a cedar chest
With all the wonder of this history,
Within whose scented womb their limbs should rest
Where olive-trees make tender the blue sky
On the low hills of Paphos, and the faun
Pipes in the noonday, and the nightingale sings on till
dawn.

Nor failed they to obey her hest, and ere
The morning bee had stung the daffodil
With tiny fretful spear, or from its lair
The waking stag had leapt across the rill
And roused the ouzel, or the lizard crept
Athwart the sunny rock, beneath the grass their bodies
slept.

And when day brake, within that silver shrine
Fed by the flames of cressets tremulous,
Queen Venus knelt and prayed to Proserpine
That she whose beauty made Death amorous
Should beg a guerdon from her pallid Lord,
And let Desire pass across dread Charon's icy ford.

III

IN melancholy moonless Acheron,
Far from the goodly earth and joyous day,
Where no spring ever buds, nor ripening sun
Weighs down the apple-trees, nor flowery May
Chequers with chestnut blooms the grassy floor,
Where thrushes never sing, and piping linnets mate no
more,

There by a dim and dark Lethæan well
Young Charmides was lying, wearily
He plucked the blossoms from the asphodel,
And with its little rifled treasury
Strewed the dull waters of the dusky stream,
And watched the white stars founder, and the land
was like a dream,

When as he gazed into the watery glass
And through his brown hair's curly tangles scanned
His own wan face, a shadow seemed to pass
Across the mirror, and a little hand

Stole into his, and warm lips timidly
Brushed his pale cheeks, and breathed their secret
forth into a sigh.

Then turned he round his weary eyes and saw,
And ever nigher still their faces came,
And nigher ever did their young mouths draw
Until they seemed one perfect rose of flame,
And longing arms around her neck he cast,
And felt her throbbing bosom, and his breath came
hot and fast,

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "W. B. R."

And all his hoarded sweets were hers to kiss,
And all her maidenhood was his to slay,
And limb to limb in long and rapturous bliss
Their passion waxed and waned,—O why essay
To pipe again of love too venturous reed !
Enough, enough that Eros laughed upon that flower-
less mead.

Too venturous poesy O why essay
To pipe again of passion ! fold thy wings
O'er daring Icarus and bid thy lay
Sleep hidden in the lyre's silent strings,

Till thou hast found the old Castalian rill,
Or from the Lesbian waters plucked drowned Sappho's
golden quill !

Enough, enough that he whose life had been
A fiery pulse of sin, a splendid shame,
Could in the loveless land of Hades glean
One scorching harvest from those fields of flame
Where passion walks with naked unshod feet
And is not wounded,—ah ! enough that once their lips
could meet

In that wild throb when all existences
Seemed narrowed to one single ecstasy
Which dies through its own sweetness and the stress
Of too much pleasure, ere Persephone
Had bade them serve her by the ebon throne
Of the pale God who in the fields of Enna loosed her
zone.

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Last night her hot lips made
have on my mouth.

Rose - my Tom boy, I love you;
Patt - my widow, I adore
Kay - my girl, I adore
But Helen, my Goddess I
worship.



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